

SAID IN FUN

By
Philip
H.
Welch

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



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SAID IN FUN



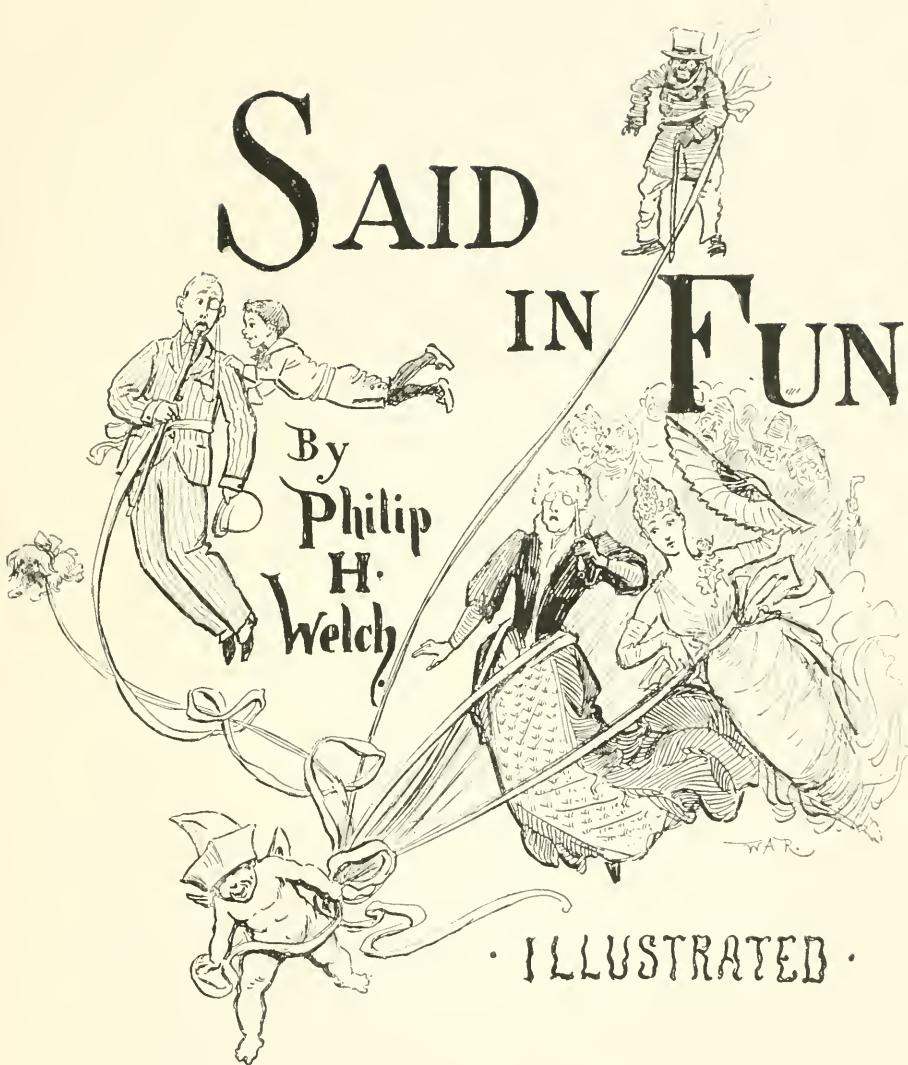
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• ILLUSTRATED •



NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1889.

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Press of J. J. Little & Co.,
Astor Place, New York.

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The history of the United States, left unfinished, has never before been printed.

Philip Henry Welch knew that a joke, to be good, need cause no pain. No witticisms were ever wittier than his, none ever held less bitterness, left less sting. It was not hard to find these jokes, it was hard to choose them: more might easily have been taken, fewer could not well have been selected.

ROBERT GORDON BUTLER.

November 28, 1889.

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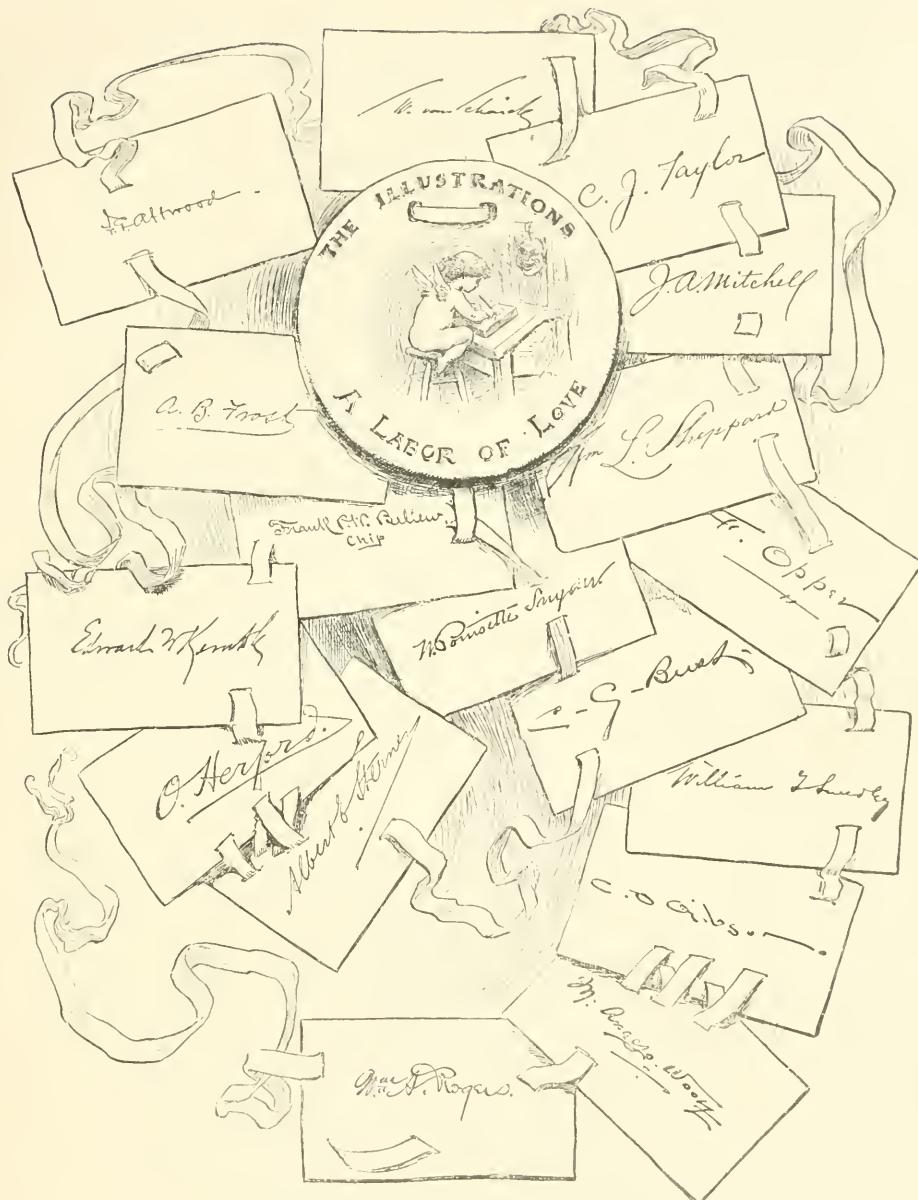
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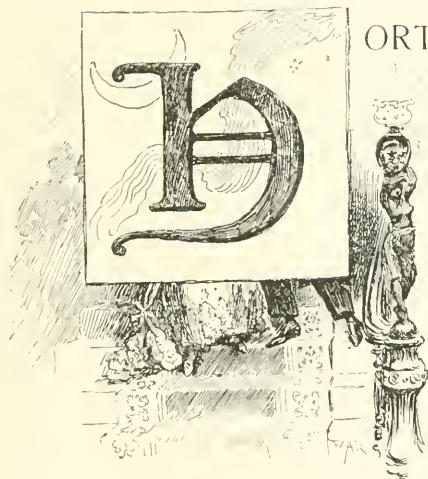
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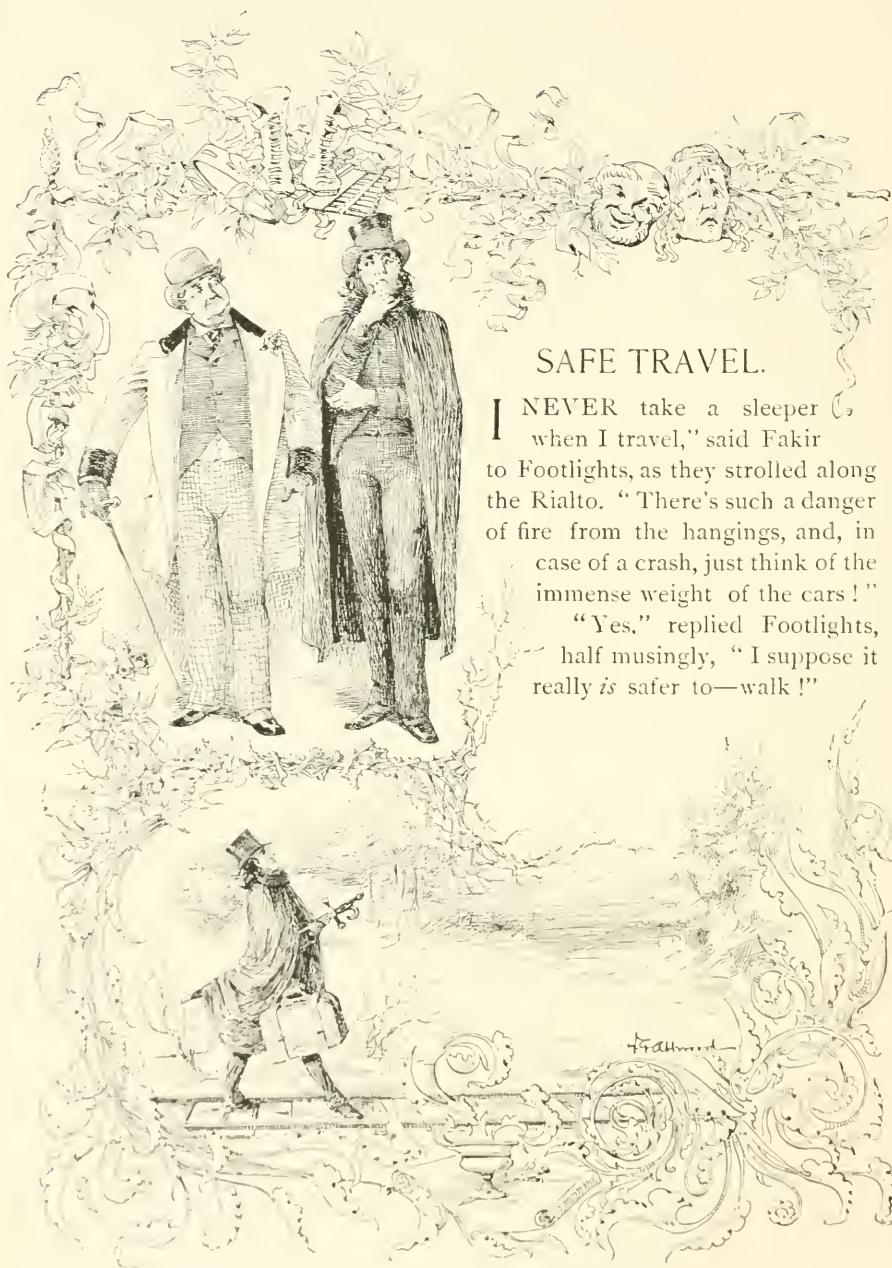
MORE THAN LIKELY.



ORTENSE—What an awful squeeze there was at the Von Twiller reception last night !

GRACE—Yes : George and I had to sit outside, on the stairs.

HORTENSE—Did the squeeze continue out there ?



SAFE TRAVEL.

I NEVER take a sleeper when I travel," said Fakir to Footlights, as they strolled along the Rialto. "There's such a danger of fire from the hangings, and, in case of a crash, just think of the immense weight of the cars!"

"Yes," replied Footlights, half musingly, "I suppose it really *is* safer to—walk!"



APPOINTMENT VERSUS DISAPPOINTMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHER (displaying some photographs)—You would hardly think those two pictures represented the same man, would you?

GENTLEMAN—No, certainly not.

PHOTOGRAPHER—Well, they do. One represents him before he went to Washington, and the other after he came back.



THE TRIALS OF A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

TEACHER (in mental arithmetic)—If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

JOHNNY—How many little sisters would be left?

TEACHER—Now listen, Johnny. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

JOHNNY—We ain't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

TEACHER—We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

JOHNNY—Then they wouldn't be real peaches?

TEACHER—No.

JOHNNY—Would they be preserved peaches?

TEACHER—Certainly not.

JOHNNY—Pickled peaches?

TEACHER—No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Johnny: we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

JOHNNY—Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

TEACHER—Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket, or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table.

JOHNNY—Yes.

TEACHER—And your little sister eats one of them, and then goes away.

JOHNNY—Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

TEACHER—But suppose your mother was there, and wouldn't let her eat but one.

JOHNNY—Mother's out of town, and won't be back till next week.

TEACHER—Now, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly, I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?

JOHNNY (straightening up)—There wouldn't be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two.

TEACHER (touching the bell)—The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

MRS. McNAMARA—Yis, Mrs. Cummiskey, I've been married now goin' on twenty-three year, and Mac and I have niver had a serious quarrel.

Mrs. C.—Well, thin, it's a happy woman you ought to be, for many's the row Peter and I have had, God be good to us all.

Mrs. McN.—Oh, for that matter, we've had hard words now and agin, and maybe now and thin a blow, but what I mean is, I niver had to call in the police.

NOT A CULTURED TASTE.

AMATEUR ACTOR (who played *Hamlet*)—How were you pleased with our entertainment, Miss Smith?

MISS SMITH (a truthful girl)—Well-er- Mr. Fresh, I am sorry to say it, but I wasn't altogether pleased.

AMATEUR ACTOR (very much surprised)—Is it possible? I thought you admired Shakespeare.

QUICKLY ENDED.

“I hear Jones called you a liar last night.”

“Yes.”

“Well, I hope the matter didn't end there.”

“It did, though. Some of Jones's friends grabbed hold of him.”

A LOVELY COMPLIMENT.

CLARA—I had a lovely compliment last evening from Mr. Featherly.

ETHEL—No! What was it?

CLARA—He spoke of my hands. He said I had the hands of a Venus de Milo. Wasn’t it sweet in him?





A SMALL CONCESSION.

ELDERLY LADY (to boy in hardware store)—Hev ye got
any o' them hand-bellows fer buildin' fires?

BOY—Yes'm; there's somethin' nice—twenty-five cents each.

ELDERLY LADY—Is that the cheapest ye can sell em?

BOY—Yes'm; but I'll tell you what I'll do: as you don't look
to be a very stren'thy old leddy, I'll fill it with wind
fer you.



KEEPING WITHIN THE LAW.

WHY don't you challenge him, Colonel?"

"Because duelling is agin the law in this State," replied the Colonel; "but if ever I get a good chance, I'll assassinate him."

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

GENTLEMAN—What are you doing nowadays, Uncle Rastus?

UNCLE RASTUS—Ise workin' fo' Sam Jones, sah.

GENTLEMAN—What at?

UNCLE RASTUS—Pickin' blackberries up on ole Mrs. Brown's pasture lot.

GENTLEMAN—Doesn't Mrs. Brown object to it?

UNCLE RASTUS—She doan' know it, sah.

GENTLEMAN—What does Sam pay you for picking Mrs. Brown's berries?

UNCLE RASTUS—He 'lows me half what I pick.

PAYING OLD DEBTS.

"It's a terrible thing to owe money," said Smith; "to be compelled to dodge around this corner and that to avoid meeting a creditor on the street. It takes the manhood out of one, and he soon loses all self-respect. I am glad to say that I no longer owe a dollar."

"Then those old debts that have bothered you so long are all squared up, are they?"

"Yes, thank heaven! The last one became outlawed yesterday."

A TIMELY INTERRUPTION.

HAS anyone ever proposed to you before?" he asked tenderly, after the important question had been put and satisfactorily answered.

"George Simpson came very near it only last night," she answered shyly. "He was just on the point of asking me to be his wife when mamma came into the parlor. But I am very glad she did," went on the girl earnestly. "I don't think I would have been happy with George."

AN ARTISTIC DRAWING.

YOUNG ARTIST (displaying a picture)—This painting is entitled "Jonah and the Whale."

POSSIBLE PURCHASER—Where is Jonah?

YOUNG ARTIST—You notice the rather distended appearance of the whale's stomach midway between the tail and the neck?

POSSIBLE PURCHASER—Yes.

YOUNG ARTIST—That's Jonah.

THE COST OF AN EDUCATION.

"Your studies are costing me a great deal," said a father to his son as he reached in his pocket for money to buy more books with.

"I know it, father," replied the son with some emotion, as he pocketed a \$10 bill; "and I don't study very hard, either."

RANK INJUSTICE.

WHAT did the horses stop for, George?"

"They made a false start and have to go back to the post again."

"Oh, George, and the horse we are betting on was ever so far ahead! I don't think that's fair."

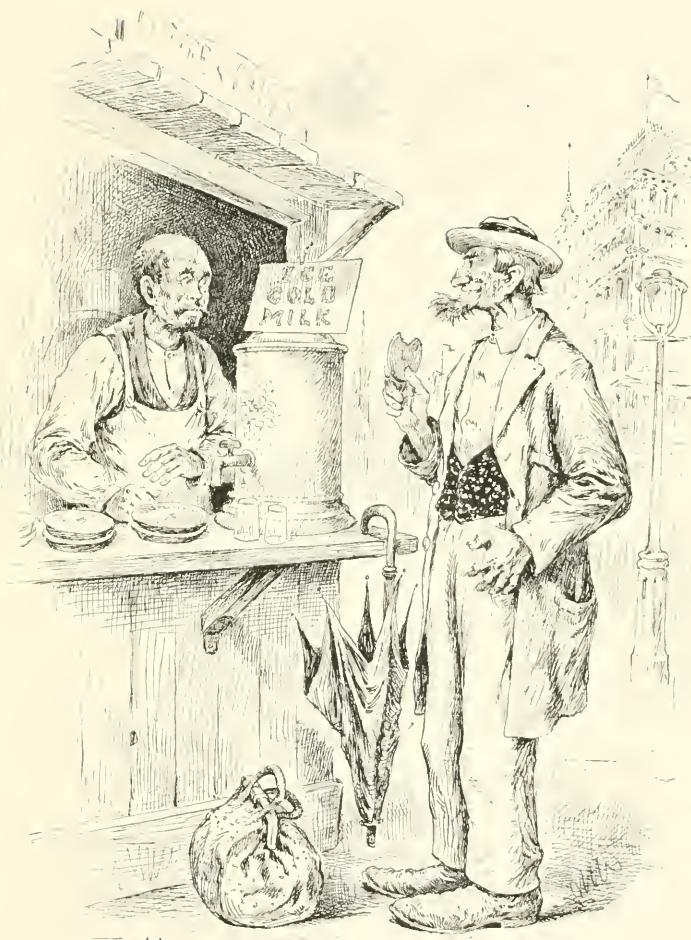


A WICKED CITY.

WHEN I cum to New York," said a countryman, "I allers go round holdin' on to my pocket book like grim death. You can't tell what minute some feller may rob you. This city is full of thieves."

"Do you carry much money with you?"

"I've got about \$200 now. I sold an old hoss this mornin' that I slicked up for \$200 that warn't worth \$75. I see in a minute that the feller I sold him to didn't know nothin' 'bout hosses."



HE DECLINED THE OFFER.

GENTLEMAN (to little boy)—What are you going to do with the puppy, little boy?

LITTLE BOY—I'm goin' to drown him.

GENTLEMAN—I'll give you a dollar for him.

LITTLE BOY (after due consideration)—N-nop, I guess not. You see, I'd have to give most of the money to father, and I wouldn't have the fun of drowning the dog. Nop, I guess I won't sell him.



RUNNING FOR A TRAIN.

STRANGER (in great haste, with a valise in his hand)—Can you tell me the time, sir?

CITIZEN (consulting his watch)—I can give you town time, if that'll do: but it's twenty minutes slower than railroad time.

STRANGER (shooting ahead)—Town time won't do. I've got to catch a train.

PROOF POSITIVE.

"We have held a consultation," said a doctor to his patient, "but we are unable to agree as to the exact nature of your disease. Three of the physicians are of one opinion, while I am of another."

"But, doctor," said the patient anxiously, "how will the matter be settled?"

"Oh, the autopsy will show who knows best."

A TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

A woman was in a grocery store looking at rolling-pins.

"You may give me two of them," she said.

"Two of them?" queried the clerk.

"Yes, I want to keep one of them clean for bread."

A SENSIBLE TRAMP.

A TRAMP applied at the back door for assistance just as the minister's family was preparing for morning prayers. "My good man," said the minister kindly, "we would be glad to have you join us in our devotions, after which you will receive a nice breakfast."

"Certainly," replied the tramp graciously; "show me right in. A man who is kicked and buffeted about the world as I am, ought not to be squeamish in the face of a square meal."

A SIGN THAT MEANS BUSINESS.

"We're going to move again," said the boy to the grocer on the corner.

"No, you're not. When I called with the bill your father said he was going to stay all winter."

"Well, we ain't. Ma's throwing the ashes and sweepings down cellar, and that means business every time."

WINNING A WAGER.

"Poor John was so fond of gambling," said a bereaved widow. "His last bet was \$50 that he could eat 300 clams in 20 minutes."

"Did he win the bet?"

"Yes, he won the bet," sighed the widow, "but the money didn't do us any good. It took every cent of it to bury him."

A COLUMN ARTICLE.

HUSBAND (at the breakfast table)—I think it's disgusting the amount of space the newspapers devote to this prize fighter Sullivan. His every movement is given to the last detail. This paper has a column article concerning him?

WIFE—Is that so? Let me see the paper.

HUSBAND—Well, wait a minute: I haven't finished the article myself yet.



IN SHALLOW WATERS.

SHE—I must show you my new clock before you go.

HE (facetiously)—Some of my friends tell me I am homely enough to stop a clock.

SHE—Oh, that won't matter ! It can be started again.



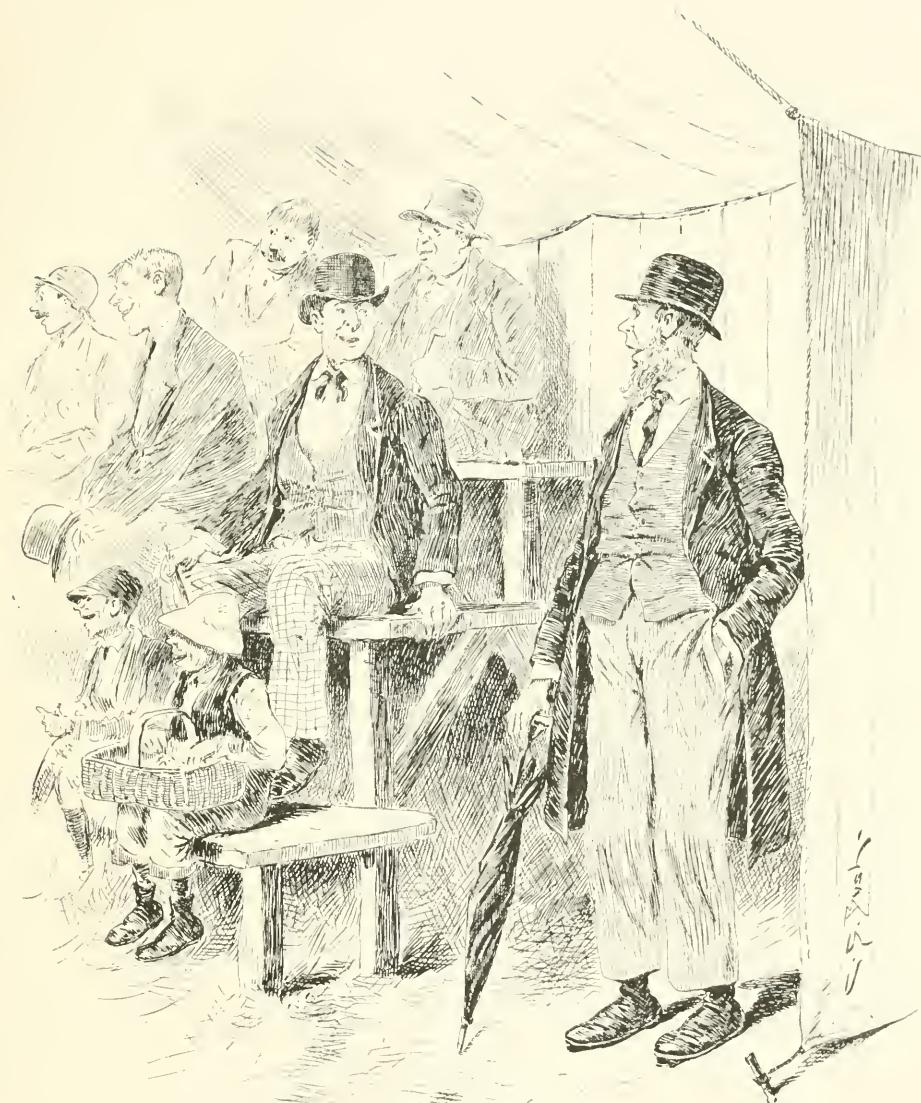
THE FAMILY REPRESENTED.

JONES (at the circus)—Hello, Smith, you here?

SMITH—Yes, I had to come to take care of my little boy.

JONES—Where's the boy?

SMITH—He was taken sick at the last moment and couldn't come.



NOTHING IS PERFECT.

AGENT (to woman who has bought a Bible on installments)—I've called, ma'am, for the monthly payment.
WOMAN—All right; I've got it tied up in a rag for you. I'll fetch it.

AGENT—You are pleased with the book, of course, ma'am?
WOMAN—Well, yes; I like the kivver, but neither me nor the old man are much sot on the readin' matter.

TO BE DEVELOPED LATER.

“So your old uncle is dead, Charley?”

“Yes, died yesterday.”

“He was a very eccentric old fellow. Do you think he was altogether right in his head?”

“Well-er- I couldn't say, you know, until the will is read.”

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

DE THOMPKYNS (who has been narrating an incident in his career)—Oh, *I'm* no fool!

PAPERWATE—N-n-no, you're no fool, but (enthusiastically) what a substitute you *would* make!

A HOPELESS CASE.

YOU haven't paid the last premium on your wife's life insurance, Uncle Rastus," said the agent.

"I know I hain't. I got dat ole 'oman's life 'sured foah yeahs ago, sah, an' she hain't been sick er day sense. Dis mawnin' she kicked me out ob bed wif wun fut. She weighs sixty poun's mor'n she ebber did. 'Bout er hour ago she eat a fo'ty cent watermillion an' drunker quart ob cider, and she am now sleepin' off the effec's wif de pres'prashun rollin' down her face dat am de perfec' pictur' ob health. Wot's de use 'suring an ole 'oman like dat? She hain't nebber goin' ter die, 'deed she ain't. Don't yo' go fo' ter ask fo' no mo' prem-yums."

A POPULAR SENTIMENT.

YOUNG LADY (to army officer at Washington)—Capt. Dry-powder, of the many famous remarks made by Gen. Grant, which do you think reflects the most credit upon him?

ARMY OFFICER (unhesitatingly)—Let us have peace.

FULFILLING AN ENGAGEMENT.

Morning—OLD DARKY (at gentleman's office)—Gud mawnin', boss. Can't yer 'sist an ole man dis mawnin', sah?

GENTLEMAN—Not this morning. Charity begins at home.

Night—SAME OLD DARKY (at gentleman's home)—Gud evenin', boss. I called at yer home fer a little 'sistance, 'cordin' to our prearrangement dis mawnin', sah.

SOMETHING OF A STORM.

WAS it raining very hard when you came in?" asked Bobby of Featherly, who was making an evening call.

"Raining?" said Featherly. "Certainly not; the stars were out."

"It's funny," continued Bobby thoughtfully. "Pa had a gentleman here to dinner to-night, and I heard ma say as you came up the steps that it never rains but it pours."



INTIMIDATION.

REGINALD—Papa, can I have a piece of mince pie ?

PAPA—You may, if you will promise not to tell mamma that I gave it to you.

(Pie is devoured in silence.)

REGINALD—Please can I have some more ?

PAPA (sternly)—No more, sir !

REGINALD (after a pause)—If you don't let me I shall tell mamma. (He got it.)

SHE COULD READ THE SIGN.

MISS KANSAS—I wish to see Madame Lucette.

YOUNG MODISTE—Madame Lucette is not in at present.

MISS KANSAS—Well, then, tell Madame Cie to be good enough to take my order.

NOT A DIRECT REFERENCE.

DUMLEY (to landlady)—Dr. B. was asking after you, to-day, Mrs. Hendricks.

MRS. HENDRICKS—Thanks : the Doctor is very kind.

DUMLEY—He boarded with you at one time, did he not ?

MRS. HENDRICKS—He took table board only for a little while, but he found the location rather inconvenient. Did he refer to boarding with me ?

DUMLEY—No, not directly. He gave me a prescription, and when I asked him if I should take it before or after meals, he said it wouldn't make the slightest difference.

UNFORTUNATE SUGGESTION.

ELDERLY MAIDEN (to druggist's boy)—Well, I do declare,
If I ain't forgot what I came for !
Boy (full of business)—Hair dye ? rouge ? lotion to remove
freckles ? wrinkle eradicator ? bottle Bloom of Youth ?
Elderly maiden hails a passing street-car.

TRIFLING WITH THE WORD.

OLD MR. BENTLY—I see by the paper that a revised edition of
the Old Testament is to be published soon.
OLD MRS. BENTLY—Does it say who writ it ?
OLD MR. BENTLY—No.
OLD MRS. BENTLY—Well, it's perfectly scandalous. I s'pose it
was that man Ingersoll.

A POOR JOB.

BOBBY (standing before the glass)—Did God make me, ma ?
MOTHER—Yes, dear.
BOBBY—Well, he made a poor job of these two front teeth !



A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

CLARA—I understand that Mr. Featherly paid me a very pretty compliment to-day.

ETHEL—Yes? What was it?

CLARA—He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party last night was Miss Clara Smith.

ETHEL (with a cough)—Yes, I noticed you among them.

UNNECESSARY.

COLONEL B. (sojourning in Paris)—What is the proper French expression to be used in accepting an invitation to drink?

M. COBALT—You should say “Avec plaisir,” Monsieur le Colonel.

COLONEL B.—Ah, “Avec plaisir.” All right!

M. COBALT—And when you decline an invitation you should say, “Non, merci.”

COLONEL B.—Oh, that wouldn’t be of any use to me.



NO TIME TO SPARE.

GENTLEMAN—Uncle Rastus, I've got a job of white-washing for you.

UNCLE RASTUS—Well, I kain't do hit terday, sah.

GENTLEMAN—What's the matter. I thought you were anxious for work.

UNCLE RASTUS—So I is, sah. But yo' see, boss, de Colored Workin'men's Amalgumated 'Sociashun fo' de pertecshun ob de laborin' man frum de encroachments an' inroads ob capitalists meets terday, an' I'se ben 'lected chairman ob de occashun. So, yo' see, boss, I hain't got no time to spa'r.

HELPING THE CAUSE.

They were trying to raise money to pay off the indebtedness of the church.

DEACON—Have you called on old Mr. Moneybags yet?

MINISTER—No. He is very sick, and I thought I would wait until he gets better.

DEACON (earnestly)—Don't you wait a minute. Strike him while he is very sick. It will be too late when he gets better.

A TENDER HEART.

YOUNG LADY—And so you've really been off on a whaling voyage, Mr. Hardyman?

MR. HARDYMAN—Yes.

YOUNG LADY—How delightful! I am passionately fond of fishing, too, but I feel sorry, sometimes, for the poor little helpless, wriggling things, it seems so cruel.

A GREAT SAVING OF TIME.

GENTLEMAN (to popular photographer)—Do you take photographs by the instantaneous process?

PHOTOGRAPHER—Oh, yes, sir, or any process.

GENTLEMAN—Well, I want about half a dozen cabinets of myself, and as I'm in something of a hurry, you may use the instantaneous process.

PHOTOGRAPHER—Very well, sir. Just take a seat in the parlor. Your turn will come in about three hours.

A HOPEFUL VIEW OF THINGS.

FRIEND (to young author) —How are you succeeding in your literary work?

YOUNG AUTHOR (hopefully)—Well, comparatively speaking, I am doing well.

FRIEND—What is “comparatively speaking?”

YOUNG AUTHOR—One of the greatest modern writers wrote for twenty years before he had a single MS. accepted. I have only been writing five years. Compared with him, I flatter myself I am doing well.

INHERITING PROPERTY.

FATHER (out of patience)—If you ask any more foolish questions, Bobby, I shall send you to bed.

BOBBY (after a long silence)—Pa, when a man dies worth ten thousand dollars, his heirs get the money, don't they?

FATHER—Yes.

BOBBY (after another long silence)—Well, pa, when a trotting horse dies worth ten thousand dollars, who gets the money?

FATHER (angrily)—You get to bed.

NOT MUCH STRENGTH REQUIRED.

LADY—Hammocks, please.

DEALER—Yes'm ; something strong enough for two?

LADY—No : strong enough for one. I've been married three months.



THE COLOR OF NO IMPORTANCE.

GROCER—Half a pound of tea? Which will you have, black or green?

SERVANT—Shure, aythur will do. It's for an ould woman that's nearly bloind.



A SUDDEN DEATH.

KENTUCKY CORONER—Yes, the papers found upon the deceased prove that he was Colonel Blood.

WITNESS—There was also a quart bottle found in one of his pockets.

CORONER—Was the bottle empty?

WITNESS—No, sir, it was full—hadn't been touched.

CORONER—Poor fellow, he must have died without a moment's warning.

HIS CROWNING EFFORT.

“Lionel, that poem is beautiful!”

“Yes, Agatha, it is the crowning effort of my life.”

“Lionel—my Lionel! it will bring you fame, eternal fame, will it not?”

“Yes, Agatha—and perhaps two dollars.”

CREDIT *VERSUS* TRUST.

GROCER—So you've given up drinking, Uncle Rastus?

UNCLE RASTUS—Yes, sah. I hain't touched er drap in fo' weeks.

GROCER—You deserve a great deal of credit.

UNCLE RASTUS—Yes, sah. That's jes what I sez, an' I was gwine ter ask yo', Mistah Smif, ef yo' cud trus' me to er ham?

SUMMONING THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR," said an anxious citizen, "something has happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set, and she can't say a word."

"Why, she must have lockjaw," said the doctor.

"Do you think so? Well, if you're up my way sometime next week, I wish you would stop in and see what you can do for her."

SUFFICIENTLY SOBER.

"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked an old man at the City Hall elevated station.

"Sometimes, but not when they're too drunk," replied the brakeman. "Just take a seat near the middle of the car and keep quiet and you'll be all right."

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

MAGISTRATE—You are charged with misdemeanor, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE RASTUS (in alarm)—Wif Miss who, yo' Honah?

MAGISTATE—Misdemeanor.

UNCLE RASTUS—Jedge, I solumly sw'ar da hain't no lady in dis case whatsumebber. Deed da hain't.

NOT TO BE IGNORED.

BIG SISTER (shouting to Bobby)—Bah-bee! You are wanted to do an errand!

BOBBY (shouting back)—Tell mother I can't do it now. I'm busy.

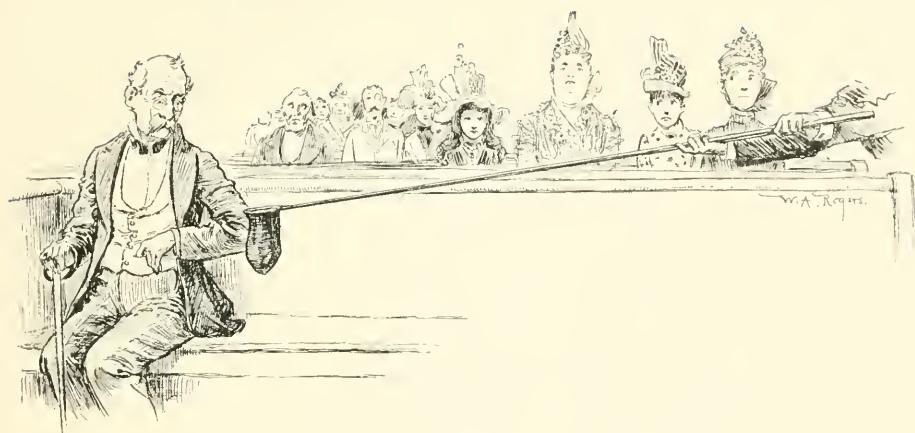
BIG SISTER—It's not mother want's you; it's father.

BOBBY (hastily)—All right. Tell him I'll be there in a minute.



WELCOME STRANGER.

IT fills my heart with joy," said an earnest country clergyman at the conclusion of his sermon, "to see so many strangers among our congregation on this beautiful Sabbath morning. Sojourners in our town are always welcome. We want them to come. Young men and old men whom pleasure or business has called away from the softening influences of home, we greet with open hearts. The collection will now be taken up."



FAVORABLE CONDITION FOR HILARITY.

THE first time I heard that story," said Dumley, "I thought I would die o' laughing. But I can't see very much in it now."

"When did you hear it first," he was asked.
"One night when I was sitting up with a corpse. I thought I would waken the whole neighborhood before I got through. But anything," he added, "sounds funny when you are sitting up with a corpse."

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

LADY (to grocer)—I notice you keep cigars.

GROCER—Yes, mum. Only a dollar and a half a box, mum.

LADY—Is it possible? Why my husband sometimes pays as high as fifteen cents apiece for cigars. You can send a couple of boxes. It's the height of folly for him to buy cigars at retail when they can be had for so much less by the box.

TIT FOR TAT.

VISITOR (in private art gallery)—I do not see, Mr. Pourke, that the German school of art is represented among your collection.

MR. POURKE (a Chicago capitalist)—No, sir. Bismarck refuses to take my hogs. I want none of his art.

DEFYING EXPERT TESTIMONY.

CLIENT (to lawyer)—I am afraid the physician's testimony will convict me.

LAWYER (reassuringly)—Don't be alarmed about that. I'll read up a little about poison in the stomach, and in ten minutes I'll have that doctor in a cold sweat, and make the judge and jury think he is a hired perjurer.

A CONSCIENTIOUS WITNESS.

COUNSEL (to witness)—The previous witness swore that when found he was breathing like a porpoise.

WITNESS—I dunno 'bout dat, sah.

COUNSEL—You were present?

WITNESS—Yes, sah.

COUNSEL—Examined him thoroughly?

WITNESS—Yes, sah. I zamin'd him keerfully.

COUNSEL—And yet you will not swear that he was breathing like a porpoise?

WITNESS—No, sah.

COUNSEL—You will state to the Court why.

WITNESS—Cos I nebber heard a po'poise breave, sah.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

SECOND HUSBAND (to wife)—Are you as fond of me as you were of your first husband, dear?

WIFE—Yes, indeed; and if you were to die, John, I should be just as fond of my third. I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love.

A BARGAIN IN ART.

OLD MR. BENTLEY brought home a painting which he exhibited to his wife with great pride.

"There!" he said, "what do you think o' that? Cost only \$3, frame an' all, an' its a genooine—genooine—"

"Rubbins?" suggested old Mrs. Bentley.

"No, tain't Rubbins. H'm, begins with a C—chromo; that's it—a genooine chromo."



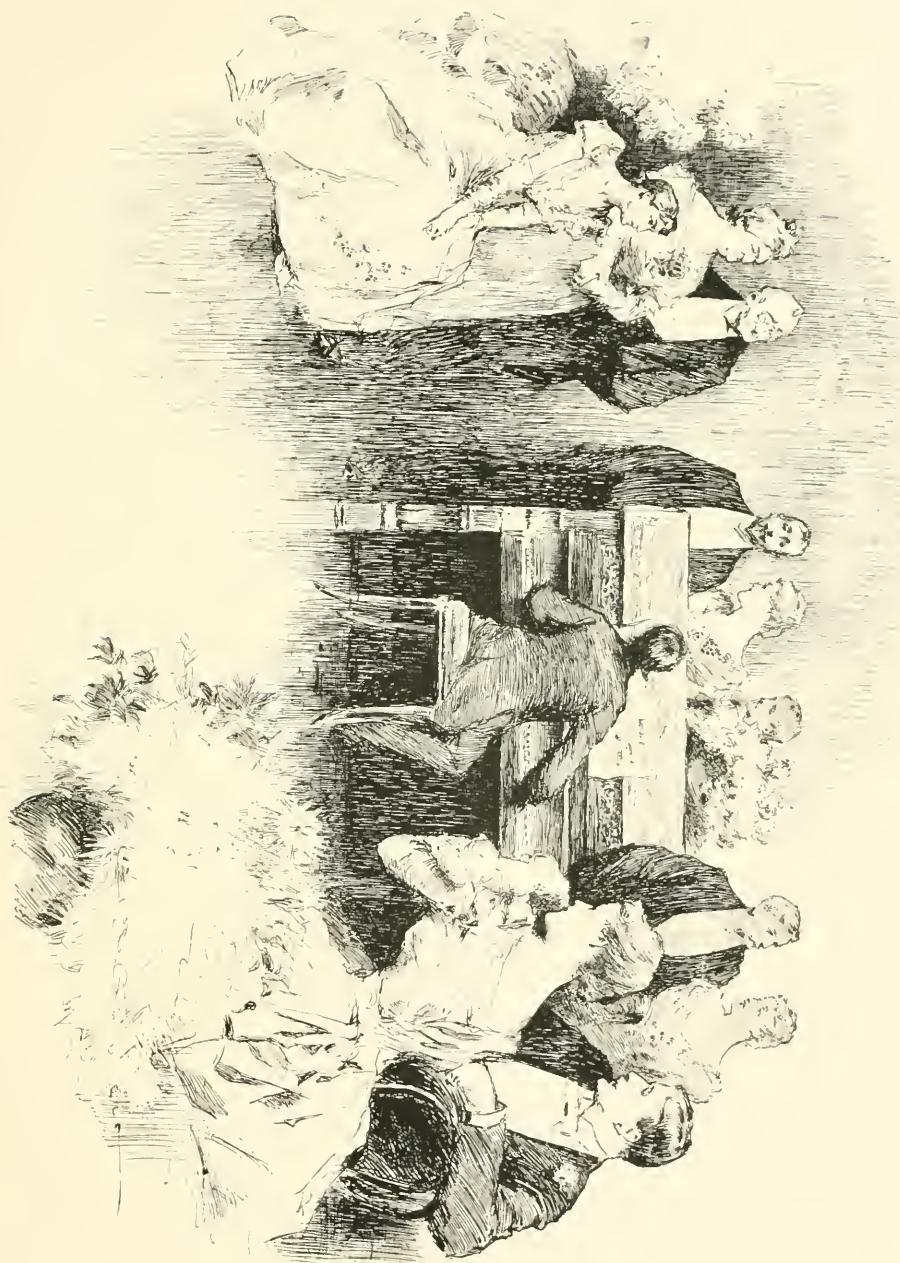
APPROPRIATE TO THE OCCASION.

FEATHERLY is something of a musician, and was attending an evening party given in honor of the eldest daughter of the family.

"I should be glad if you would sing something, Mr. Featherly," said the hostess.

"Certainly, my dear madam. Will you suggest a song?" "Oh, anything that is appropriate to the occasion. I will leave the selection with you."

So Featherly, with that rare tact and discrimination for which he is so justly popular in society, sat down at the piano and sang " Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in thy Flight."



PUTTING IT DELICATELY.

I HOPE you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl."

"I do, sir (with emotion) ; and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

ATTENDED TO.

SMITH (to milkman)—I'll have to ask you to chalk it up.

MILKMAN (abstractedly)—Oh that's all been attended to—oh—er—beg your pardon ; certainly, take your own time.

A DIFFICULT COMMISSION.

LADY—You know, sir, I wish my portrait to be a total surprise for my husband.

ARTIST—Yes, madame, I understand.

LADY—And you will try not to have too strong a likeness, as I should not wish him to recognize it at the first glance.

A DIFFICULT LITERARY PERFORMANCE.

YOUNG AUTHOR (to friend)—I say, Fred, did you read my last article in the *Every Other Monthly*?

FRIEND (enthusiastically)—Yes, indeed, old boy; I read it through twice!

YOUNG AUTHOR—Oh, then you must have found it very interesting?

FRIEND—Well—er—no, not so much that; but Ferd Smith bet me ten dollars that I couldn't read it through twice, and I bet him ten dollars that I could.

A NECESSARY CAUTION.

“Remember, Uncle Rastus,” cautioned the magistrate, “that you are not compelled to disclose anything which may criminate yourself.”

“Den I reckon I'll keep my mouf shet, Judge,” was the wise reply.

NOT THE FIRST TIME.

“Was it the girl's father who broke off the engagement?” inquired Jenkins.

“No,” replied the jilted lover, “it was her little brother.”

IMPOSING UPON THE POOR.

IT all comes o' bein' poor," said an old lady, trembling with indignation, to her sick husband. "I jist stopped in a minnit at the Riches to tell 'em as how you wasn't gittin' any better, and Mrs. Rich sed she was sorry, and wanted me to bring you a bottle of wine."

"Did you bring it?" asked the sick man eagerly.

"No; I heard her say it had been layin' down in the cellar ever sence 1855, an' when she offered it to me I jist walked off without sayin' a word."



IN THE CATSKILLS.

ANXIOUS SISTER—Oh, mamma, call Freddy, or he will tumble off into the view !

A CHILLY EVENING.

UNWELCOME SUITOR—That's a lovely song ! It always carries me away.

SHE—If I had known how much pleasure it could give us both, I would have sung it earlier in the evening.

He was from Philadelphia, and it was not until the next morning, in the train, that he "caught on," and his heart grew sick as he viewed the kindly hint in the light of subsequent events.

HE CAN'T GET JUSTICE.

PRISONER (to his lawyer)—Do you think I shall have justice shown me ?

LAWYER—I'm afraid you won't. You see I've managed to get two men on the jury who are opposed to capital punishment.

A GOOD DEAL IN A NAME.

HOW is your new gas-metre coming on, Jones—is it a success?"

"No, it's a failure; I can't get anybody to touch it."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I was unfortunate in selecting a name for it; I must have been a fool!"

"What do you call it?"

"The Busy Bee."

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

YOUNG HOPEFUL—Papa, the prefix "trans" means across, doesn't it?

OLD HOPEFUL (delightedly)—Yes, my son; as in transatlantic, which means across the Atlantic.

YOUNG HOPEFUL—Well, then, transparent means a cross parent, doesn't it?

TIME IS MONEY.

MAGISTRATE—Ten dollars or ten days, Uncle Rastus?

UNCLE RASTUS (after long thought)—Well, I guess I'll take the ten dollars.

HIS EARS DECEIVED HIM.

FEATHERLY (making an evening call)—So your mother has returned from the country, Miss Clara?

MISS CLARA—Oh, no; she won't be back until next week.

FEATHERLY (surprised)—Strange! Is not that her voice I hear upstairs?

MISS CLARA (in a constrained tone)—No; that is Bobby at work with his new scroll saw.



ON THE ISLAND.

VISITOR (at Blackwell's Island)—Well, my poor woman, what brought you here?

WOMAN—De Brack Maria, sah, an' de ferry bo't.

VISITOR—Yes, I understand. But what are you in for?

WOMAN—Ise in fo' ten days, sah.

AN UNFORESEEN ACCIDENT.

“Yes,” sighed a recent widow, “we are very unfortunate. Poor John was out of work a long time, and when he got a good job he died.”

“What job did he get?” she was asked.

“He joined a circus, and got twenty dollars a week for putting his head in the lion's mouth twice a day. That's all he had to do. It seems hard he should have died.”

“What did he die of?”

“The lion bit his head off.”

A YOUNG WOMAN'S TASTE.

MRS. BUNKER (of Boston)—I think Miss Waldo was the most perfectly dressed woman in the room.

MRS. EMERSON—She has exquisite taste. Did she wear jewelry?

MRS. BUNKER—Spectacles only.

RECALLING A QUOTATION.

YOUNG FEATHERLY—Do you recall that quotation, Miss Waldo, beginning: “No pent up—no pent up—pent up Ithaca contracts”—

MISS WALDO—“Pent up Utica,” I think, Mr. Featherly.

YOUNG FEATHERLY—Ah, yes, Utica: thanks. I knew it was some town in central New York.

BETTER THAN A STOVE.

“Madam,” said a shivering tramp, “w—will y—you give a p—poor fellow a ch—chance to get w—warm?”

“Certainly,” replied the woman kindly; “you can carry in that ton of coal; but don’t burn yourself.”

TAKING NOTES FOR A BOOK.

An Englishman had been in this country only five minutes when out came his note book.

“The national extravagance,” he jotted down, “is strongly illustrated by the fact that even the bootblacks wear gold rings in their ears.”

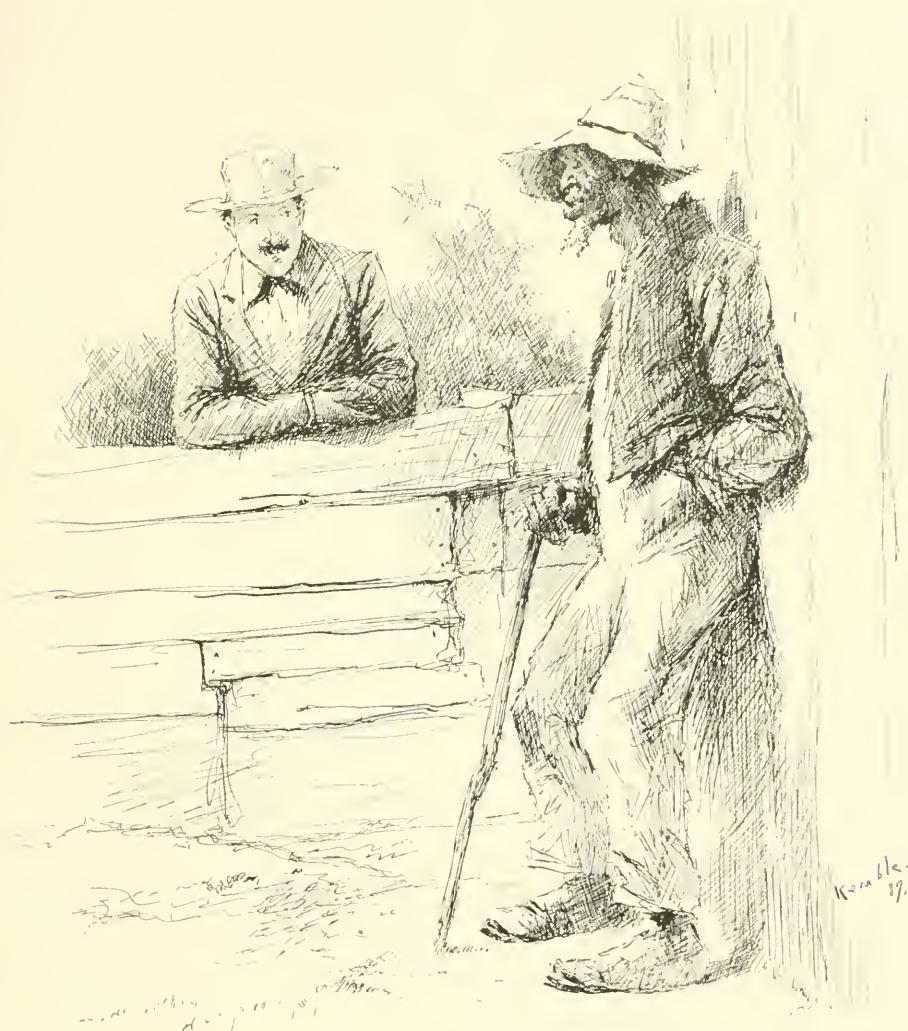
TROUBLED WITH INSOMNIA.

GENTLEMAN—You look tired and worn out, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE RASTUS—Yes, sah, I is. I doan' git no sleep.

GENTLEMAN—No sleep?

UNCLE RASTUS—No, sah. Dis darky can't git no sleep in de watermillion season.



A YOUNG MAN'S CUPIDITY.

FATHER—Are you sure that Featherly loves you? Perhaps he wants to marry you for your money.

DAUGHTER (an heiress)—Yes, I am sure he loves me, papa. He swears that he has worshipped me from the first moment that he saw me.

FATHER—Where did he first see you?

DAUGHTER—At Coney Island.

FATHER—Were you dressed in a bathing suit?

DAUGHTER—Yes.

FATHER—My fears are realized. He is after your money.



A POSSIBLE CATASTROPHE.

MY dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"

"On the shelf next to the peppermint."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "I've swallowed it."

"Well, for goodness' sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet, or you'll wake the baby."

EASILY IDENTIFIED.

CORONER—I have just held an inquest over the body of a man found drowned, but we are unable to identify him.

CITIZEN—It may be Jack Short. He has been missing for a week.

CORONER—You knew Short, did you?

CITIZEN—Knew him well.

CORONER—Would you be able to identify him, do you think?

CITIZEN—Oh, yes; easily. He had an impediment in his speech.

EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS.

MRS. MOLONEY (to postal clerk)—How much will it cost to send that newspaper?

POSTAL CLERK—One cent, madam, second class.

MRS. MOLONEY—Well, then give me a two-cent stamp, and I'll send it first class.

A BRACE OF COMPLIMENTS.

BOBBY (to young Featherly)—Pa was telling ma and Clara last night that you told him you believed in paying as you go, Mr. Featherly, and ma thought you were a very sensible young man.

FEATHERLY (highly gratified)—And what did your sister Clara think, Bobby?

BOBBY—She didn't think you could go very far.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

SHE—I am sorry your sister is not here, Mr. Blunt.

MR. BLUNT—She didn't feel quite able. She went to the cooking school this morning, and you know after the girls get through cooking they have to eat what they've made.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one but a judge. When he doesn't know his business, a higher court straightens matters out.

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN.

A medical journal says we must not read on an empty stomach. We suppose we can read the bill of fare.

LOVERS OF BASE BALL.

LITTLE BOY (near the Polo grounds)—Hey ! Johnny, was
L dey a big awjence at de game terday ?

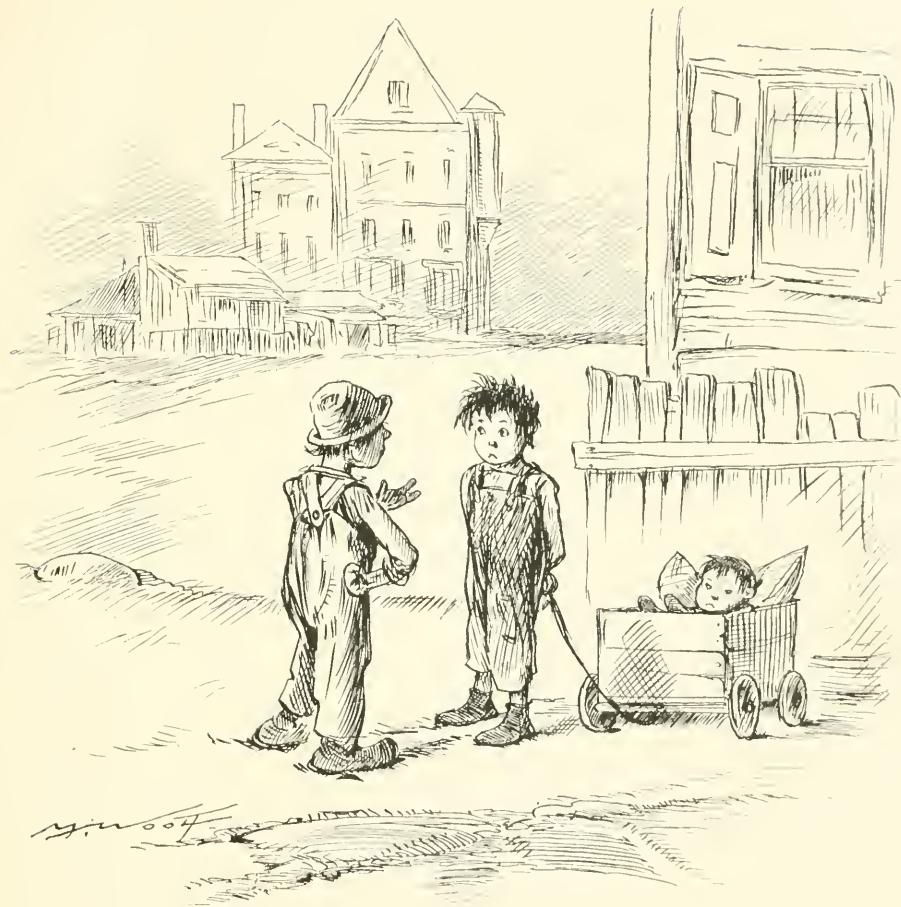
JOHNNY (who observed the game through a knot hole)—'Bout
two tousand.

LITTLE BOY (incredulous)—Must have been more 'n that.

JOHNNY—D'ye mean cops an' all ?

LITTLE BOY—Yes.

JOHNNY—'Bout tree tousand, I guess.



A SUFFICIENT REASON.

VISITOR from out of town (addressing the school)—In the year 1825, my dear young friends, several boys walked from Salem to Boston and back, a distance of thirty miles, to hear Daniel Webster speak. If there were no railroads or means of transportation to-day, would the boys of the present generation undertake such a journey, do you think?

SMALL BOY (after a long silence)—No, sir.

VISITOR—Ah! and why?

SMALL BOY—Because Mr. Webster is dead.

ALMOST FORGOTTEN HIM.

MAGISTRATE—Ever been arrested before?

PRISONER—No, sah.

MAGISTRATE—Didn't I send you to the Island last winter for ten days?

PRISONER—I declar's to goodness, now I looks at yo', Jedge, I b'lieves yo' did. But Ise a poo' han' to 'member faces.

STARTING IN RIGHT.

SMITH—I want to bring a suit against Jones for libel.

LAWYER—Has Jones libelled you?

SMITH—He has all but ruined my character.

LAWYER—How much do you want to sue him for?

SMITH—Five hundred dollars. I don't suppose a jury will award that much, but it's better to start at the maximum.

PROOF.

UNCLE RASTUS—I'se willin' ter 'knowledge dat I stole de ham, sah, but dar am extenuaratin' sahcumstances kerected wid de case, sah. I was 'toxicated, sah, an' didn't know noffen what I was 'bout.

MR. X—I don't believe you were intoxicated, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE RASTUS—Deed I was ; I kin prove it. If I hadn't been drunk dat night, you' honah, I'd a toted off moan one ham.

RECAPTURED.

MISTRESS (to applicant for service)—How many nights out a week ?

APPLICANT—None, mum. Oi niver sthir out.

MISTRESS—Will you have many friends to see you ?

APPLICANT—Nat wan, mum. Oi have no friends.

MISTRESS—What wages will you expect ?

APPLICANT—Oi'll lave that to ye, mum.

MISTRESS—What kinds of housework are you willing for ?

APPLICANT—Oi'm wullin' to wash an' airun an' cook an' schrub an' clane windys an' wait on table an' take care av childer an' carry in coal an' build foires—(Here a loud ringing was heard at the door, and the keeper of an asylum rushed in and secured the lunatic.)

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

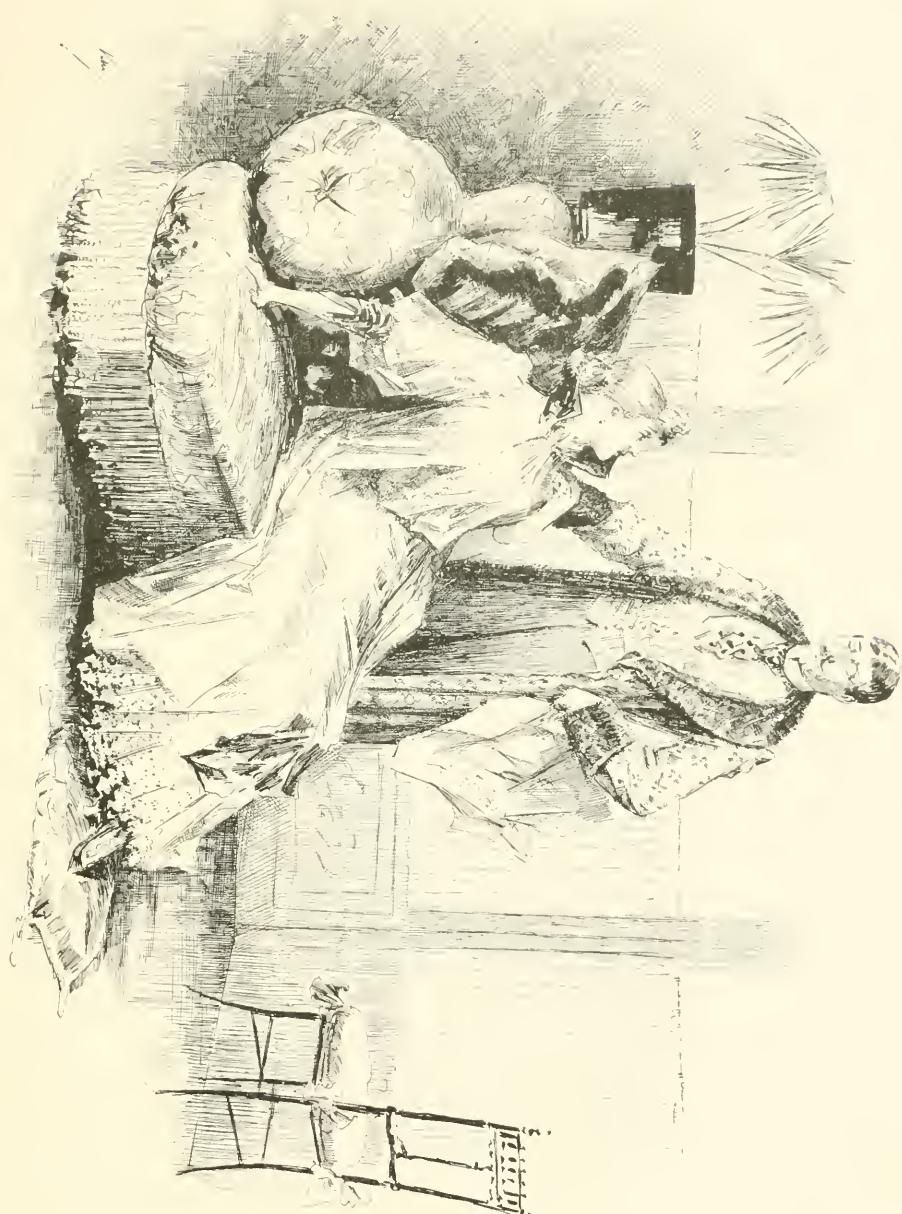
WOMAN (to tramp—Would you like another hot biscuit ?

TRAMP—You can give me one more if you like, but I am afraid they are awfully indigestible.

AN EYE TO ECONOMY.

YOUNG HUSBAND—I believe I should like a nice turtle steak for dinner.

YOUNG WIFE (of a thrifty disposition)—I am afraid turtle steaks are rather expensive, dear. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a mock-turtle steak?



THE ONE WHO CELEBRATES.

MRS. B—How is the contested will case coming on, Mr. Shimmer?

MR. SHIMMER—It's all settled, and in my favor.

MRS. B—I congratulate you. I suppose you will be taking your family to Europe now?

MR. SHIMMER—No; but I understand my lawyer sails next week.

THE REASON WHY.

Small boy No. 1 (to small boy No. 2, who is strutting around with his hands in his pockets)—“Come over and play with me, Johnny!”

“Can’t.”

“Go ask your mother if you can’t.”

“Can’t ask her; she’s out somewhere looking for me.”

THOROUGHLY PREPARED.

“Young man,” said a revivalist, solemnly, “do you feel that you are prepared to answer the summons at any moment? Do you realize that when you go to bed at night you may be called before the morning dawns?”

“Oh, yes, sir. I’m night clerk in a drug store, an’ all you’ve got to do is to keep on ringin’ the bell until you hear me holler.”

WASTEFUL.

BUT what an awful lot o' money these high-toned travelers waste for drink," said Uncle Abner, as he laid down his newspaper. "A man who'll pay a hundred dollars for a saloon passage to England, when he can go in the steerage for twenty, is a slave to rum— that's what I say!"

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

"Yes," said Dumley, "I served three years in the war of the Rebellion, and if I do say it myself I made a good soldier."

"You have a very soldierly bearing," said young Brown admiringly.

"So I have been told," replied Dumley. "Even to this day," he continued, "strains of martial music will set my pulses bounding, and like a war horse I scent the battle afar off."

"Were you ever wounded, Mr. Dumley?" asked Mrs. Simpson-Hendricks, considerably excited.

"N—no," he said. "I never was; I was very fortunate in that respect."

"Yes, indeed," ventured young Brown; "a gunshot wound is an ugly thing. I suppose you can attribute your good fortune to your nose."

"What has my nose to do with my not getting wounded?" demanded Dumley.

"Why—its ability to scent the battle afar off."

THE NATURE OF AN OATH.

JUDGE (to darky witness)—Do you know the nature of an oath?

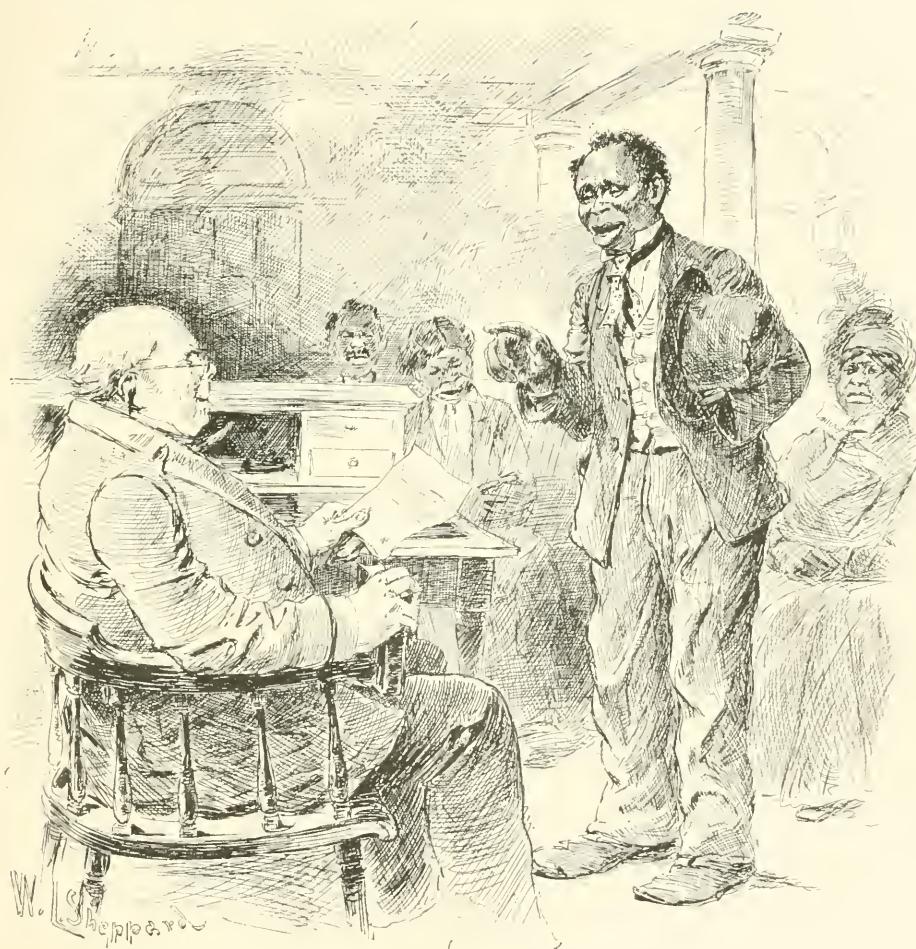
WITNESS—Sah?

JUDGE—Do you understand what you are to swear to?

WITNESS—Yes, sah. I am to swar to tell de truf.

JUDGE—And what will happen if you do not tell it?

WITNESS—I 'spectz our side 'ill win de case, sah.



AN EVENING'S PLEASURE SPOILED.

MY dear," whispered a man to his wife as they seated themselves in a theatre, "I left my pocket-book at home."

"Havn't you any money at all?"
"Only forty cents."

"Won't that be enough?"
"Enough!" he repeated impatiently; "it's a five-act play."



LOGICAL.

BOY!"
"Mum?"

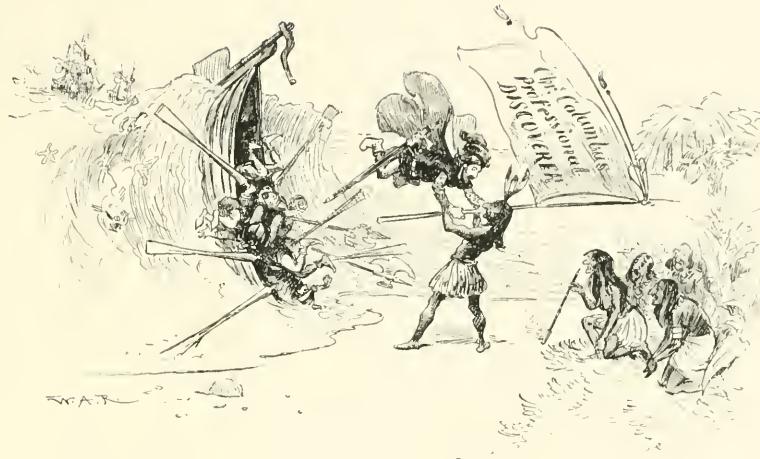
"Stop that noise! Do you want to deafen us?"
"Yes'm; then you won't mind the noise."





A SHABBY AFFAIR.

WIFE—Is that a new hat, John ?
JOHN (gloomily)—Yes.
WIFE—It's a shabby-looking affair.
JOHN—Yes ; it's an election hat.



THE UNITED STATES

A HISTORY

* * * It is a well-known fact that Christopher Columbus was the alleged discoverer of America, and that 1492 was the year in which the alleged discovery took place. As a matter of fact, however, the existence of this country was known long before Christopher Columbus was born; but the secret was in the possession of a number of barelegged Indians, who hadn't the business capacity to make any money out of it.

And right here we want to impress upon the minds of our readers the importance of making money. An American citizen without money in his pocket is of little more use to the world than the younger son of a British peer.

At the time our story opens, *i.e.*, the alleged discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the population of the country was exclusively made up of Indians and wild animals. A striking resemblance existed between the two classes in everything but personal appearance. Mentally and morally they were about equally endowed. They depended largely upon each other for subsistence, and naturally a very strong mutual attachment grew up between them. Sometimes an Indian would have a wild animal for supper; and then again a wild animal would have an Indian for supper. They were very fond of each other—at supper.

* * * Before proceeding further we wish to say to our readers that if they are not satisfied with the performance they can have their money refunded. In justice to ourselves, we will state that it shall be our aim, as it has been thus far, to meet the broad questions which a conscientiously written history of America naturally calls forth in a manner befitting their importance, and from the standpoint of a faithful chronicler. If we lead the student into any new fields of thought, or present the salient features of America's past, present, and future in a wider and more enlightened sense than other great historians, we shall simply be filled with the

pleasant consciousness of duty done. If we brighten a single home, or make lighter or happier a single heart, we shall be glad—and if we don't, we shall be glad, for our contract with the publisher is of an ironbound nature, and we get our money under any circumstances.

We should like to give our readers a more comprehensive idea of the American Indian as he appeared in the early days of our country's history than we have been able to, but lack of space and information forbid. We should like to describe his mode of living, the books he read, the studies and game he pursued, his peculiar aims and ambitions, his hopes and fears, his bent of thought and bow, his physical and moral characteristics, the food he ate and the brand of whisky he preferred; but, as stated, lack of space and information forbid.

* * * Prior to the year 1492 the world was popularly supposed to be flat. It remained for Columbus to disclose the true condition of affairs. Columbus was born at Genoa, Italy, about 1435. This somewhat conflicts with a former statement that he was born in Spain; but what difference does it make, after all, where a man is born? The place where he pays his bills is of the first importance.

His early life was uneventful; this, by the way, is the case with a great majority of early lives.

It is not our intention to dwell at length upon the theories and ideas possessed by Columbus regarding the formation of the world. Certain matters, unworthy of historical mention,

convinced him that there was a country somewhere on the globe called America. He was so firmly convinced of this that he was willing to borrow money to prove it.

His expedition set sail from Palos, wherever that may be, on August 3, 1492. It consisted of sixty-six seamen and three ships—the “Santa Maria,” the “Pinta,” and the “Nina.” Columbus sailed in the “Santa Maria” himself. “Santa” is Spanish for *black*; so the discoverer of this country, like many of its present inhabitants, spent considerable time in the “Black Maria.”

[We *think* “Santa” is Spanish for *black*.]

A month elapsed before the Canary Islands were reached. The chief product of these islands is canary birds. Whether the birds were named for the islands, or the islands for the birds, is of no special importance; but they probably were.

After leaving the Canary Islands, which they were glad to do owing to the incessant singing of the birds, they sailed in an aimless sort of way for many days. They did no sailing at night, for fear that in the darkness they might pass America without seeing it. San Salvador was finally reached and Columbus took possession of it in the name of Spain.

* * * In the early winter of 1620 there landed on Plymouth Rock a nondescript band of Pilgrim fathers, accompanied by a full complement of Pilgrim mothers and Pilgrim children.

It may be that we are keeping up too rapid a gait for some

of our readers. This is a grown-up person's history and requires a grown-up person's mind to grasp it. When we are compelled to write history for children to support our family, we shall give up literature if we have to work for a living.

These Pilgrim immigrants, to return to our subject, came from England. At that period in England religious persecution was carried to an unnecessary extent. A number of Silurian or early paleozoic bigots imagined that if a man did not attend the services of the Established Church every Sunday and the weekly prayer meetings on Friday nights, he was too wicked to live; so they proceeded to put all such to death in a christian but very painful manner.

* * * In 1629, if our memory is not at fault, a new colony was founded, called the Massachusetts Bay colony. These people were not Pilgrims, but Puritans; they left England for about the same reason. A good many died of hardship and fatigue during the first year or two, but people of the present generation are not expected to feel sorry for this.

* * * Everybody who didn't attend church regularly on Sunday mornings was put in the pillory and flogged; so some of the Puritans, who left the old country to escape religious persecution, jumped from the frying pan of England into the fire of America.

Everybody at that time carried a gun to church, not through fear of God, but through fear of Indians.

* * * As early as 1614 the town of New Amsterdam,

now New York, was founded. Henry Hudson, a Dutchman, was the first white man to land at Castle Garden. He sailed up the North River as far as the city of Hudson (which by a curious coincidence enjoyed the same name as himself) in search of a passage to India. Nobody but a Dutchman would think of going to India *via* the North River.

* * * Some few facts regarding Philadelphia may not prove uninteresting to the student. A Quaker by the name of William Penn is responsible for the city.

He laid it out on the plan of the ancient city of Babylon, and wished to have it "a faire and Greene country town."

As a green country town Philadelphia has doubtless exceeded its founder's wildest expectations. * * William Penn was a man of gentle disposition. He was tolerant of the rights of others, opposed to oppression, and believed that kindness was more effective than bloodshed. It was his mild policy in dealing with the Indians that gave rise to the saying: "The pen is mightier than the sword."

* * * We shall pass lightly over the events of the Revolutionary war. The historian who has any self respect will not confine himself to a bare recital of facts. He must draw conclusions and study results; or rather study results first and draw conclusions afterwards.

* * * Feeling ran very high against the English. One patriotic woman, a Mrs. Cushing, wanted other women to wear sheep and goat skins in preference to buying British goods,

and a few Boston women did so; but it doesn't make much difference what a Boston woman wears; she looks about the same. * * The objection which the colonists had to the tax on tea was that it made the price too steep. It was all well enough to steep the tea, but when it was proposed to steep the price as well, their patriotic souls revolted. This action of the Bostonian Indians resulted in steeping the country in a war with England.

The first blood shed was at the battle of Lexington, in 1775; it came from an English officer who was wounded in the heel. In the same year occurred the battle of Bunker Hill. It was at Bunker Hill, it will be remembered, that the lamented Warren fell. He fell from the top of the monument and was killed instantly.

It was shortly after this battle that George Washington was unanimously chosen Commander in Chief, with four major generals, one of whom was Artemus Ward. Ward fought well, but he was a poor speller, and very fond of joking.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, the original Jeffersonian Democrat, was adopted, and the "United States of America" assumed a local habitation and a name.



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